

After Hours

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After Hours

by [dicahprihoe](#)

Summary

“You look even better than the videos.”

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After a long day of recording, Dream browses some porn website to help him relax and release sexual tension. While browsing, he stumbles upon a camboy who never shows his face but something about his body piques Dream’s interest.

What he doesn’t know is that the camboy is his best friend, George.

Notes

the hills by the weekend came on shuffle and it got me inspired to write camboy!george with hints of sugar daddy!dream
title shamelessly based of the weekend's recent album of course <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Dream just finished a recording session of Minecraft manhunt that went on for way too long than what he planned and expected. "Thanks a lot for participating in this new rendition of manhunt you guys, I think it's gonna be the best video ever on my channel so far!"

Sapnap hums in acknowledgement but Bad goes on a small rant, "We literally had the best of the best equipment and tools in the game yet you still won! You're such a sneaky muffin!"

Dream lets out a laugh then clicks his tongue against his teeth, "Tsk, it's called having 2000 iq plays, baby!"

George's ears twitch at hearing Dream calling Bad baby even if it's in a joking manner. Something about it to him sounds nice and pleasant with the way it comes out of Dream's lips.

He shakes his head in disapproval, 'I shouldn't think about these things.'

George looks at the time from the right bottom corner of his screen and he panics a bit, 'Shit, I need time to prepare and set things up for later.'. "Hey lads, It's getting pretty late here so I'm gonna call it a day and head to bed. I had a lotta fun playing!" George says in a hurry.

The guys say their goodbyes to George who then leaves the discord call.

"That's a lil strange, he normally sticks around an hour or so after we record," Bad comments. "And it's only 6 pm in England, is that considered late?" Sapnap add's. Dream shrugs it off, not thinking too much or deep into it. "He's probably just really tired, we've been recording for almost 5 hours after all."

Dream lets out a loud yawn while stretching his arms, tired of sitting down on his chair for so long, eyes exhausted from looking through and editing hours worth of footage. Satisfied with the progress for his video so far, he decides to take a small break. He lets out a long whistle while impulsively tapping his fingers on the desk, thinking to himself, 'It's been a while... now's the perfect time to do it.'

Dream pulls up an incognito tab and types in his go-to website. He browses for a while and goes through a couple pages, not finding anything interesting to him yet. It usually doesn't take much for him to get off, but he does have his preferences. He prefers homemade and amateur videos over the professional and studio staged stuff, intimate over hardcore any day, and definitely whimpering and soft moans over the loud ones. Dream has just recently dipped his toes into watching gay porn, it was due to curiosity at first, and he's the type of guy to try anything at least once in his life. Turns out, he likes it, so that's a plus in his book, he now has more options and choices to choose from.

It took him a while to realize then accept the fact that he likes guys and admit being attracted to them. He suppressed and buried those thoughts and feelings back in highschool to make his life easier, knowing that people can be dickheads for no reason and love to give people a tough time. He just wanted to finish high school with little to no trouble if possible.

He's still attracted to girls and still has a liking to them but he's been gravitating more towards guys lately. No one knows about this yet and he keeps it that way, for now at least.

Dream scrolled for a while until something finally caught his eye, an upcoming livestream with an *interesting* thumbnail. It's a guy laying down on a bed, head not shown but his body has a slim and slightly toned build, skin leaning towards the paler side and *damn* he looks smooth, almost little to no hair to be seen. 'Welp I've definitely fallen into twink territory right now,' Dream thinks.

He's wearing this [baby pink ribboned lingerie set](#). It fits his body quite nicely. The corner of Dream's lips quirks up, 'Cute.'

Dream checks his profile and it says he goes by the name under Elliot Evans. Dream can't help but scoff and roll his eyes. It sounds like a bad generic porn star name, hoping that's what he was going for and that maybe this random camboy he just found has a decent sense of humor.

The cursor hovers over the livestream thumbnail but he eventually clicks on it and the page loads.

It says that if he wants to view this person's stream, they charging 15 bucks a month for various types of live content that includes him jerking off, using different toys up his ass and having community polls, doing what his viewers vote for. It also allows access to view past live streams, short videos and photos.

Dream scoffs at the thought of paying 15 bucks a month to watch someone get off live on camera when there's a ton of free porn out there.

Nonetheless, Dream has his credit card details memorized, he types his details in and pays the \$15.

'Is this gonna look bad on my bank statement? Maybe. Am I supporting a local business during these hard times? Definitely.'

Dream checks Elliot's subscriber count and wow, he has quite a bit of them. 7,376 subs is honestly not that bad for paid porn. He does some quick math and this guy is making an estimated amount of \$110,505 so far just this year alone by jerking off online to random strangers. Granted the website takes some cut of the money but it's still pretty solid.

It then leads him into a chatroom, it asks him what username he'd like to use. He's thinking about this way too hard, figuring out what would be good. It has to be something he can remember but also something that people can't associate or recognize him with. He eventually settled with PatchesUS.

There's a handful of people already waiting in chat for the livestream to start. Some are chatting and having casual conversations about how their day is going. Dream pays no mind, he browses twitter on his 2nd monitor to pass some time.

A loading screen appears on his main monitor, Dream ditches twitter and pays attention to the stream.

There he is, Mr 'Elliot Evans' himself, finally on live video. Wearing the baby pink lingerie set as shown in the thumbnail. He is slim but lightly toned- not the usual broad-shouldered and thick build, which is Dreams usual preference. He's casually laying down on a bed, back propped up against the headboard. The camera angle set to where his full body can be seen except his head.

Suddenly, more people flood the livestream and they clog up the chat with perverted comments.

'jerk off for me baby',

'take your shorts off',

'i wanna pound you' and *'let me suck you off,'* to list a few.

George bites his lip reading the comments saying how sexy and beautiful he looks. He loved it, the feeling of being watched and desired by so many people.

“Aw, you guys are making me blush!” George’s cheeks turn red and he covers them with his hands out of habit even though they can’t see.

“I see that we have a couple of new viewers joining us today! Welcome to my stream and hope you enjoy the show!” George greets and gives a wave to the camera.

‘Oh he has an accent,’ Dream thought. It sounds very familiar but he couldn’t pinpoint exactly what it was, whether it’s british or australian, or maybe a mix of both.

“Before I start, I have a few rules that I’d like to tell my new viewers, let’s go over them quickly shall we?” The rules seem to be simple enough to follow. He says that he’ll do anything he’s asked but special requests cost an extra fee of 10\$, he won’t show his face or reveal any information or personal details, and he has the right to say no to not having to explain himself.

“Sooo, what do you guys want to see tonight?” George teasingly asks his viewers, trailing a hand on his chest then down to his flat stomach, spreading his thighs apart then giving it a small squeeze.

Dream’s cock twitches at the sight of the camboy on screen, he grips his mouse tightly and the other hand clenched into a fist.

The chat floods with comments such as *'give us a strip tease'*, *'jerk off'* and *'fuck yourself with a dildo'*.

Dream stays silent and doesn’t participate in chat, instead he’s focused on watching *him*. Dream can’t get enough of looking at his body and what he’s wearing, that damn baby pink bralette paired up with black gym shorts, covering up the ribboned baby pink panties shown in the thumbnail.

George wanted to put on an interesting show compared to his previous one. He lets out a shaky sigh, sliding his long, pretty fingers up and down his half-hard cock, still trapped in his gym shorts.

“I ordered a clear flesh light a few weeks ago and it arrived today, and I’d like to use it for the first time live on camera for you guys!” George says excitement.

The chat goes crazy, practically demanding him to jerk off with the toy right now. *'I'd love to see you cum in the toy, baby'*, *'i wanna see you buck your hips into it,'* and *'play with yourself for daddy'*.

George pulls his shorts down with a teasingly slow pace. He tugs at the waistband of his panties, playfully showing them off and running his hand up and down his now fully-hard cock.

George eventually pulls his panties down to free his cock, showing it off to his viewers then giving it a slight tug.

‘Fuck, his dick looks amazing.’ Dream thought. Good length, slightly above average but damn, he’s crazy thick in a way that makes Dream’s mouth water. He sees that Elliot struggles to fully wrap his hand around his cock. He’s also cut in a way that Dream wants to put his mouth around the tip.

George grabs the fleshlight out from the drawer next to his bed, then grabs a bottle of lube under the pillow, popping the cap off and squeezing a generous amount of lube inside the toy and onto the tip of his dick, spreading down to the base with his hand.

Dream lets out a shaky breath and let's his aching cock out of his yoga pants with one hand, giving it a squeeze and starts stroking slowly.

Dream spends an hour and a half watching Elliot get off twice. The camboy jerked off with the clear flesh light and came in it. The second time, he changed position, turning around on his knees and showed off his ass, giving it a few hard spanks which almost sent Dream over the edge. He fingered himself until he came. Dream never sees the camboy's face, not even a glimpse or quick glance.

Dream is pretty spent, probably one the best orgasms he's had in a long time.

George's breathing is heavy, he lays down on his bed for a while to catch his breath and to gain some energy back after cumming back to back twice. He eventually cleans himself up by scooping up the cum on his belly with his finger, then licking it up with his tongue. 'Fuck, is he trying to get us hard again or something?' Dream thought.

Dream tucks his dick back into his sweatpants after cleaning up.

"Thanks everyone for joining the stream, thank you for the donations and tips as well! I had fun and I hope you guys did as well. That was probably one of the best orgasms I've had in a while." George says.

"I'll be staying for half an hour or so to talk with you guys! Casually chatting and whatnot." George puts on an oversized hoodie that's by his bed and the pair of black shorts from earlier.

A hundred or so people leave the stream and the chat number goes down, but a handful of people, including Dream stays, because he's pathetic and lonely like that, he thought.

Dream hasn't said or typed a single thing in chat, but Elliot notices when he scrolls and reads through the chat logs.

"One of my new viewers," George continues, "hasn't said anything or even a simple hi to me yet. Isn't that a bit rude?"

Dream is a deer caught in headlights, he freezes up but he can feel his heart beating super fast, it feels like it's about to burst out of his chest.

"I'm talking to you Mr. US, I hope that stands for the country and not the word us, don't wanna make a fool out of myself here," George chuckles.

"Yes, you, PatchesUS. Did you just come here to jerk off or stalk me? Or maybe both?" George says in a playful tone and lets out an exaggerated gasp.

The chat teases him about it, and it makes Dream crack a slight smile. His fingers are a bit shaky but he manages to type something, *'Hello, I'm a bit shy. I didn't mean to be rude. And yes, it stands for the country.'*

The chat engages in the conversation, some asks why he's shy and some takes the opportunity to hit on Dream. *'shy huh? I bet you're a freak in bed', 'we can change that ;)', 'i bet you're loud in*

the sheets.'

"I'm just teasing, relax." George laughs, clearly enthused. Dream lets out a huff of air through his nose.

George's voice goes soft and light, "So is there anything I can do for you US man? Any questions? Nothing too personal of course."

A question pops up in Dream's head, so he types it out and presses send.

'May I know what color your eyes are?'

George pauses to read the chat, "Well aren't you a bit of a romantic? Sheesh, you haven't even taken me out on a date yet," George jokes. "But to answer your question, my eyes are just muddy dark brown, they're not really interesting."

'Who knows, I might have a liking to mud brown eyes.'

George leans a bit forward and the angle of the camera exposes the lower half of his face, he cracks a quick smile that Dream manages to catch a glimpse of.

"Wow, you're a cheesy flirt too? Well that's a score for me. May I know what color your eyes are as well Mr. USA?"

'My eyes are light green.'

George let out a gasp, "That's it, I'm betting that you're insanely handsome, like a model or something, an eye model maybe, does such a thing even exist?"

Dream fucking snorts, he rarely snorts. Maybe this Elliot guy does have a decent sense of humor. *'So, you think I'm handsome just based on my eye colour?'*

"Well, the people I know of that have cool colored eyes are all hot! I swear, it's like, they're genetically made to be like that!" George exaggerates.

'I'm just an average looking guy. I'm not twitter white boy of the month worthy, sorry to break it to you.'

"Nuh uh, too late, the council has already decided!"

They talk for awhile, George interacts with the other remaining viewers in the chat, asking about how their morning or night is going. One person asks him what they should name their new dog.

"What breed is your dog?" George asks.

'a german shepard.'

"Hmm, maybe shep or sheppy? God, I'm terrible at naming stuff." George groans.

'how old are you? you look young judging from your body and voice' a viewer asks.

"I get that quite a bit but I'm old enough to be on this site, I'm around my 20's." George replies.

'what's your favorite ice cream flavor?'

"The best flavor is mint chocolate chip, obviously! I will stand by it until I die!" George answers

boastfully.

George reads the chat and picks a question to answer, *'do you have a favourite band or artist?'*

"I've never really told anyone about this but um.. My favorite artist is honestly, um... Beyoncé"
George shrivels up and tries to hide in his oversized hoodie.

The chat blows up, mostly debating over the artist and making fun of George's answer.

"Ok, hear me out, the single ladies choreo is honestly iconic. I used to spend hours trying to learn and perfect it when I was younger. Oh, and don't get me started on her album Lemonade. Sorry made me angry at my non-existent cheating husband!" George lets out a soft giggle.

The chat teases him about his answer, but Dream says 'Awhh' in his head.

"Well it's getting pretty late over here so I'm gonna wrap it up! Thanks again for joining the stream. See you guys again next week, same schedule as always!." George quickly sticks his tongue out with a playful manner on camera before ending the stream.

The stream turns to black and it says that it has ended.

The chat starts to dwindle down as soon as the stream ends, but Dream doesn't really move, he feels a bit numb almost, so he simply stares at the blank screen, the chatroom is empty now. He lets out a sigh, "What am I doing?"

Suddenly, he gets a private message from Elliot Evans.

'hey! i was just being playful with that stunt earlier, i hope that was okay with you. i didn't mean to embarrass you or anything, i'm sorry):'

Dream tries to swallow but he feels like there's a lump stuck in his throat. He re-reads the message multiple times to assure himself that it's real and his tired eyes are not deceiving him before responding

'It's fine, honestly. I assure you that it's all alright. It kinda spooked me at first if I'm being honest. I'm just a tad bit shy.'

ElliotEvans: all of my viewers usually participate in chat, just wondered why you didn't say anything. i got worried that you weren't having fun):

PatchesUS: Oh I had fun, trust me. I had a long day, so thank you for putting on an amazing show earlier. I'm just quiet sometimes.

ElliotEvans: aw i'm glad, and you're welcome :p it's my job to do so, well, half-job sorta

PatchesUS: Oh, Care to explain why?

ElliotEvans: it's just to make some extra money on the side this quarantine, i got a lot of free time at the moment

PatchesUS: Most people usually take up normal hobbies during quarantine, like painting, baking or learning a language. But I guess doing porn works too. :p

ElliotEvans: ouch, is this a personal attack ??))': i helped you earlier and this is what i get in return?

PatchesUS: You get 15 bucks worth of my hard earned money every month. If I don't cancel my next subscription, that is.

ElliotEvans: boooo !! you suck)): im kidding. i feel like your money should go towards to better things especially during the pandemic happening right now

PatchesUS: You don't consider yourself a local independent business then?

ElliotEvans: i don't know if that's a good or bad thing

PatchesUS: That's up for you to decide.

'What the hell am I doing.. am i really flirting with a camboy?'' Dream rubs his temples and sighs.

ElliotEvans: i guess it's bad because it felt like a diss)': also, will you participate in next week's stream? ((:

PatchesUS: i'm not sure if i can make it.

ElliotEvans: aw):

PatchesUS: Stop with the sad face, it's not gonna work on me. My work schedule changes a lot so I'm really not sure.

'Well, that's a half truth. I'm also very nervous to commit or promise to things then fail by not showing up..' Dream thinks..

ElliotEvans: what about next, next week then? ((:

PatchesUS: Yeah, I should be able to.

ElliotEvans: yay!! i'll be sure to put on an amazing show then ;)

PatchesUS: Anything to 'get that bread' as the younger folks say these days.

ElliotEvans: wait, how old are you? I don't wanna be mean and age shame you or anything but i hope i'm not talking to some really old guy):

PatchesUS: I'm in my early 20's. Also, what if I was an old guy, what or how would you react?

ElliotEvans: you may never know on the internet these days. I'd most likely stop messaging you, and I won't feel bad or anything. I'm not into men that are near their deathbeds, sorry):

PatchesUS: Yeah I get that. I'm not into older guys either because I am young and impressionable :p

ElliotEvans: i have to know, are you this charming in person?

PatchesUS: I guess? My friends say that I look and sound like I'm in love with every person I talk to in person and online too, I suppose.

ElliotEvans: whattt that's not true, you type like a robot online, beep boop and all, so i assumed you're like the same in person

PatchesUS: It is true. And you don't find proper sentences hot?

ElliotEvans: oh yeah, it definitely gets me all hot and bothered (; I'll make an exception just for you tho, whatever charm or spell you casted on me, it's clearly working

PatchesUS: Told ya so.

ElliotEvans: soo mr. u s of a, what do you do for fun? ((:

PatchesUS: Well, I'm focused and busy with my job lately, so I don't really go out or make time to do things outside of work.

ElliotEvans: you can do me (;

PatchesUS: Haha. You think you're cute and clever, huh?

ElliotEvans: whaat 0: are you saying that you don't ??):

PatchesUS: Okay, maybe you are, but only a little bit.

ElliotEvans: i'll take that as a win !!!

PatchesUS: It's unfair.

ElliotEvans: what is?

PatchesUS: You, flirting with me.

ElliotEvans: awh how come ??):

PatchesUS: Because I'm from Florida and you're probably from god knows what country. I have no clue where even going by your accent. You do sorta sound like this one friend i have though.

ElliotEvans: ooo florida you say?

Oh, fuck. Oh, shit.

PatchesUS: Mhm. I'd appreciate it if you keep that information to yourself and not to anyone else.

ElliotEvans: are you famous or something?

PatchesUS: What if I say no?

ElliotEvans: i'm still gonna think you're some famous person trying to be discreet. i bet you have a wife and kid, you like the thrill of almost getting caught or having a secret

PatchesUS: I've made up my answer already, it's a no. And oh, I don't have a wife or kid. Sorry if I failed your expectations.

ElliotEvans: fineee. I was expecting that because it's sorta been the norm for me. a lot of married guys that have their own family tend to hit me up. I've turned them all down since I don't wanna be a homewrecker

PatchesUS: Fair, that's respectable and the right thing to do.

ElliotEvans: i try. it's late and i'm pretty tired so im gonna sleep soon, but please tell me if i'll see or talk to you again the next upcoming weeks?):

PatchesUS: I'll try my best.

ElliotEvans: pinky promise?

PatchesUS: I don't like promising things because I don't like disappointing people.

ElliotEvans: i totally understand that !! i'm gonna get off now so good night, green eyed man <33

PatchesUS: Good night, mud brown eyed man.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

“promiscuous boy, you already know. i'm all yours, what you waiting for?”

Chapter Notes

sorry for the slow/delayed update. tlou2 came out which distracted me, and there's like 3 different versions of this chapter, i was unhappy with how they turned out so i took my time with this one. hope you guys enjoy <3

Dream's most viewed videos have hit around the 10 million view mark. He's excited, happy and very proud of his work. The first person he wants to tell about it is a camboy whose face he's never even seen, and the thought of it depresses him. He spends the night alone and in the dark, in his apartment. In bed, staring blankly at his laptop screen with tired eyes, Netflix pulled up, asking if he's still watching.

Dream swallows hard, continuing to stare at the screen mindlessly. He takes a deep breath, then lets out a heavy sigh. 'What am I doing?'

He turns to his side and grabs his phone from the nightstand. He goes through the app store and types in the search bar: 'Grindr'. Deciding to download the app overnight and deal with it when he wakes up. He's not thinking straight, he'll probably regret it but curiosity caught up to him.

Dream forces himself not to go on Elliot's stream for the entire week. He keeps himself busy and distracted with coding plug-ins, live streaming and editing videos.

He's sitting at his desk, taking a small break from coding. Just on his phone, texting and catching up with his family. He eventually finishes texting most of them and he returns to his home screen. Dream gives a long stare at the Grindr app, thinking that he should just delete it, move on and forget about it. He's been avoiding opening the app for 5 days now.

At the same time he wants to open it. He's missing *something*, and he wants whatever void that is missing to be filled. He feels miserable, he doesn't exactly know what he's looking for out of this. Dream has been out of a relationship for almost a year, things ended not so well and not the way he hoped for. Maybe he's missing the feeling of being intimate and close with someone, maybe he just misses the sex, or maybe even both.

Dream thinks that he just needs to get it out of his system and he'll be back to normal again. His thumb hesitantly hovers over the app. He's new to the whole dating guys thing, he doesn't know what to do or what will happen. He'll just have to use his natural charm. Dream grits his teeth and sucks in a breath, his thumb presses down on the app.

It asks if he wants to log in or sign up, he picks the latter then enters the necessary details needed. He uses a throwaway email and an easy password that he can remember just in case he wants to

delete the account.

Now he has to create a profile, the part he dreaded for.

Clay, 20

Dream looks over the account info and wow, there's a lot of things that need to be filled in compared to tinder. He fills them in but leaves two blank as he doesn't know what to put.

Position and tribe.

He scrolls through the options for positions. Top, vers top, versatile, vers bottom and bottom.

Dream eyes keep on going back and forth with top and vers top. He doesn't really have any experience with things entering back there, and the sound of it doesn't really sound appealing to him, but he's open minded to try it out with the right person.

He eventually settled with Top. Now onto the tribe thing.

Bear, Clean-cut, Daddy, Discreet, Geek, Jock, Leather, Otter, Poz, Rugged, Trans and Twink.

Dream furrows his eyebrows in confusion, there's so many options to choose from and he's a bit overwhelmed. He googles some terms that he doesn't know the meaning of. "Well, I know bear is definitely right out of the window."

He chooses Jock, it seems the most fitting for him appearance wise and his experience with being a quarterback in highschool. He considers himself an active person. He works out 3 or so times a week, he's toned but not too buff or super muscular either.

Dream starts to add pictures to his profile. For the first one, he chooses a picture of him with a corgi, dogs are cute and irresistible. For the second, he picks a photo of him and his friends dressed up as characters from the movie Clueless during Halloween last year. Obviously, Dream had to go as Cher. He's wearing the iconic yellow plaid skirt and jacket. The third and last pic, he uses a professional looking photo that he had to take when he applied to work for a tech company.

Dream thinks that the 3 photos represent a good percentage of his personality, it's good enough for him.

Now for the bio, the most important of all. He uses his go-to one he has on tinder, which usually worked for the ladies.

'If you don't look like your photos, you're buying me drinks until you do.' He thinks it's smart and witty.

Dream finished making his profile, he then goes to the main page and looks at profiles that seem interesting to him.

A few guys caught his eye, and while reading bios, he gets multiple notifications from the app all of the sudden. It hasn't even been 10 minutes since he made his profile and he's already having better luck on here compared to tinder.

He checks his messages and there's like 20 of them already. He sees a bunch of accounts with names like '*willhost4u*', '*any tops?*', '*will suck*' and different variations of it. "Well, straight to the point at least." Dream snickers.

Most of them have no pictures and little to no info in their profile. The messages coming from these accounts are very sexual and explicit.

'hung?'

'wanna have some fun big boy ((;'

'down for a 3some?' and *'hey sexy'* to mention a few.

Dream ignores these types of profiles, they seem boring and lackluster so it's not worth his time.

He sighs, losing a bit of hope, until he sees a message with an account with a profile picture for once and normal name.

Ryan, 24

Have you ever taken a nap so good that you thought you missed the school bus. But it's sunday... and you're 24..

Dream huffs through his nose and half-smiles. "Not bad." He looks through Ryan's pictures, and wow, he's pretty cute. First pic is him holding a basket full of different pretty flowers while smiling, then a group photo of him with his friends at an art museum, and then a shirtless body pic. He's toned but doesn't have much muscle, leaning into twink territory almost.

'Do I have a thing for twinks now?'

Ryan's got dark brown eyes, soft curly black hair and freckles all over his face. 'No way, this dude's gotta be catfishing.'

Dream is suspicious, but he opens the dm anyways.

'hey there cutie :).'

Dream types up a reply. *'Are you talking about the dog or me?'*

Ryan: *both. 10/10 would cuddle haha*

Clay: *Unfortunately she's not mine. Parents own her.*

Ryan: *how bout you then, are you taken? ;p*

Clay: *Like the Beyoncé song, I'm a single lady.*

They hit it off immediately. They text each for an hour or so. Ryan sends more cute selfies of him as proof he's not a catfish and Dream is in awe.

Ryan: *since we live in the same city, you know the club that reopened recently downtown?*

Clay: *I heard but I haven't been able to go, been busy with work*

Ryan: *how bout' you take a small break break, clear your schedule and let's go out for drinks? :)*

Dream pauses and thinks about it first. He hasn't been out of his apartment in what seems like forever, not counting going out for groceries. Maybe that's what's making him feel this way, he just misses seeing his friends and going out with them all along. He leans back in his chair, closes his eyes, taking a deep long inhale then exhales through his nose. He knows the risks but it's so, so

tempting. He wants to have a taste of the night life experience again. Who knows, maybe it's the solution to his problem?

Dream takes the gamble.

Clay: *Yeah sure, send me the address.*

"Any word from Dream?" George yawns and leans back in his chair, stretching his arms and legs, his bones making the crack-pop sound.

Sapnap sighs. "Nope, I haven't got a single text from him today." He replied, a sad tone can be heard in his voice.

"This isn't Dream, he'd always text me everyday, he'd always tell me what he was up to or how things were, he's not the type to just go cold and distant... what if we did something wrong?" George's voice trailed off. He seemed frustrated, but didn't quite know what else to say.

Sapnap tries to be sympathetic, he knows where George is coming from. Dream is his best friend after all. He knows how much Dream means to him. "Maybe he got very sick or family stuff came up? That's my best bet. I can assure you that we didn't piss him off, we may have beaten him in the manhunt but I don't think he'd be distant over that. Anyways, we shouldn't overthink and stress ourselves out more. I trust that Dream is okay and that he'll return soon." He tries to assure his friend.

George lets out a grumble, his brows furrow but then his face goes soft. Sapnap is right, there's no reason to get all upset about a situation where they don't have much control over. Dream is an adult after all, he can look after himself, but George can't help to doubt and worry about him in the back of his head.

"It's okay man, he'll be back. If he doesn't, I'll come to Florida myself and kick his ass for you." Sapnap tries to lighten up the mood. He knows that George can be an anxious person at times and an overthinker. He's always there for him to keep him grounded and calm.

George sighs and lowers his head down. He's bummed out. He misses Dream. His life has been feeling a bit quiet and blue ever since Dream has been seeming distant over the past few days. He misses talking to him, the banter, and the flirting. Oh god the flirting. It would make him flustered and stutter over his words. He secretly liked it when Dream would flirt with him. The amount of times they've flirted that has been edited out of videos would make their fans lose their shit, giving them even more fan service.

Whenever Dream was around him, he'd always get butterflies in his stomach. It sounds so middle school but it's true. Dream is always so kind, nice and affectionate towards him on and off camera. The mean jabs are just for show when filming. Dream post-mated him food once when he found out George forgot to eat something the whole day. He'd always check up on his friend and make sure he was okay.

'Oh god, am I seriously crushing on a straight guy...' George props up his elbows on his desk, then burying his face into his hands. He groans.

"You okay there bud?" Sapnap concerningly asks his friend who seems to be in distress.

"Yeah, I'm fine." George switches positions, elbow still propped up, he rests his chin on the palm of his hand.

“It's gonna pass soon, whatever you're feeling.” Sapsnap's voice is soft and gentle.

“Are you still going to stream later?” Sapsnap asks, trying to change the topic in hopes for his friend's mood to get better.

“Huh? What stream? It's late and I'm kinda tired.” George closes his eyes for a bit, taking a break from looking at the monitor.

Sapsnap fake coughs, “I meant the other kind.”

George rubs his eyes with his free hand then looks at the time displayed on the screen: 9:48 pm.

He immediately gets out of his chair and starts setting up the things needed for his camboy stream. He's got about 12 minutes left before he has to go live. He usually takes an hour to himself to get everything ready and set. He's running back and forth in his room in a panic. Thank God for wireless headsets.

“Dude, I completely forgot I had that today.” George starts to quickly undress, then grabs what he needs from the closet. He starts changing into it, adjusting the necessary straps so it can fit his body. [It was a white lingerie set, it has short tutu's on the side of the hips, garter belts for the white stockings and a frilly white bra with tutu's on the shoulders to match.](#)

“Well, you were pretty busy moping around all day.” Sapsnap shakes his head and clicks his tongue against his teeth.

“Hey! It's called 'emoting', get it right!” George motioned his hand theatrically around the room.

“Yeah, yeah, whatever makes you feel better.” Sapsnap says in a sarcastic tone, teasing his friend.

Sapsnap knows about George being a camboy because he accidentally slipped it in when they were both drunk on a call. It caught him a bit off guard at first but to be honest, he wasn't really as shocked as some people would be. His thought process was: Oh, my friend is a youtuber and a camboy, neat. Tip: 5th drink George is when he starts to overshare.

“How's the channel going?”

George is setting up the box lights near his bed, trying to get it face the right angle. “Oh it's steadily growing but nothing too crazy which is good...” his voice trails off.

“Anything else?”

“I think that's everything, nothing too eventful,” George replies. His friend doesn't need to know the other part.

Sapsnap hums and leaves it at that.

Both men were outside of the club. [The loud music blasting inside can be heard from outside.](#) Both of them were pretty drunk. Their lips meet. Dream doesn't really know what he's doing but lust and arousal is overtaking his body. It was overwhelming and heated.

'Promiscuous boy, you already know,'

He can feel his heart pounding in his chest. Ryan is now completely pressed into a wall by Dream's body on him.

'That I'm all yours,'

Without fully knowing what he was doing, Dream placed his knee between Ryan's legs. Ryan bucked into it, he leaned into Dream's ear, whispering, "How bout' we continue this at my place?"

Dream groans and kisses him harder.

'What are you waiting for?'

George is in the middle of a show, using a large and realistic dildo to fuck his ass with. He's not as lively compared to his last few shows but he tries to finish for his audience, the people that paid money to watch him get off.

The chat is hectic as usual. A bunch of men catcalling for his attention and saying lewd things they'd do to him.

'stretch that hole for daddy.'

'u'd look amazing with my cock in ur ass.'

'im so hard.'

Suddenly, he hears the notification sound for when a big donation comes in. He looks over to his laptop screen and reads the donation with hazy eyes:

*'450\$ donation from **PatchesUS** -*

Switch to a vibrating dildo, put it to max and fuck yourself with it. Put on a show for me baby. '

George's freezes. His throat feels tight and he starts to slow down. His eyes are now fully open and wide, he re-reads the donation message over again to make sure it's real.

It's legit.

George follows his orders. The next 20 minutes goes by too quickly. George bites his lip, his free hand gripping onto his bed sheets and his knuckles turning white. His movements start to get sloppy as he's getting close. His hips are moving lazily as he's riding the vibrating dildo. He's a moaning mess, he throws his head back, he cums hard and it lands all over his stomach.

He's worn out and exhausted. It takes a minute to catch his breath. George cleans his spendings by scooping it with his fingers and placing it on his tongue, then swallows it down.

He decided to end the stream shortly, he told his viewers that he's exhausted and will talk to them next week.

George goes to the bathroom to properly clean himself up and to change into comfy clothes. After all that, he decides to message Patches.

ElliotEvans: I almost thought that you weren't ever gonna return O:

Dream gets a notification, he reads the message and types up a reply.

PatchesUS: Sorry, I won't miss out on the next one, also I didn't know there was a chat limit.

ElliotEvans: neither did i, this is getting a bit crazy omg !

He says omg. Dream smiles.

PatchesUS: Thoughts on being an up and rising camboy?

ElliotEvans: a part of me is worried if it gets too big and out of hand)): losing my anonymity and all that

PatchesUS: You'll have to make a decision soon if you want to remain anonymous. There's no way that you'll remain a mystery forever. That's just my opinion though.

'That's a lot of big talk coming from me..' Dream thinks.

ElliotEvans: i knoww, i'll figure it out eventually. sooo did you like what you saw tonight? and that was one way to get my attention :p

PatchesUS: You were amazing.

ElliotEvans: did i disappoint?

PatchesUS: Not at all.

ElliotEvans: is there anything you hoped or wished I would've done? (((:

Dream hesitates, he takes a deep breath. *Yes* .

I wish I was able to see your face . He wants to say. That's all that he can think about during the past few days. Some young man in his early twenties, jerking off live on the Internet for extra cash on the side and for fun. His eyes are dark brown. He probably has dark hair. Beyond that, it's not enough for him. Dream wants to know the shape of lips, the cut of his jaw, if he has a prominent nose and if he has freckles dusted on his face.

ElliotEvans: i think there's something you want to say but you're shy to tell

PatchesUS: I wouldn't say shy exactly.

ElliotEvans: then what is it?

PatchesUS: It would break your number one rule. I wanted to see your face.

ElliotEvans: ah, okay

PatchesUS: See? Can't be anonymous if someone knows what you look like.

ElliotEvans: you don't know my real name

PatchesUS: It's still not anonymous.

ElliotEvans: i could show you my face, if you wanted

Dream takes in a deep breath then exhales shakily.

PatchesUS: I can't show you my face.

ElliotEvans: i didn't ask you to

PatchesUS: I know, but it doesn't feel fair. I can't ask for something I wouldn't give.

ElliotEvans: you've asked me to fuck myself with a vibrating dildo earlier. does that mean you'd do the same to yourself?

PatchesUS: What makes you say that?

ElliotEvans: i'll be honest, i can get hard and jerk off on camera, but off screen, i'm not usually turned on.

PatchesUS: That sounds disappointing.

ElliotEvans: i am now, though.

Sometimes when Dream is super nervous, he thinks he's about to puke. He feels his mouth go dry and stomach flip. Plus, the alcohol in his body isn't making things any better.

PatchesUS: oh are you now?

ElliotEvans: maybe i could show you half of my face.

The cute emojis and flirty texts from Elliot are gone. Dream doesn't know what this means, he's drunk and tired. He takes a deep inhale through his nose, runs a hand through his hair, then a long exhale, trying to decide what to do. There are no take-backs to this and there's consequences. There's no way that Elliot watches minecraft related videos on YouTube, right? From the little he knows about him, his favorite singer is Beyoncé and he once talked about being into nerdy tech stuff.

PatchesUS: You're making me nervous.

ElliotEvans: oh I don't mean to, that's not my intention at all..

PatchesUS: It's just, you don't know anything about me.

ElliotEvans: can tell me a little bit about yourself then?

PatchesUS: I have dirty blonde hair. I have green eyes but you already knew that.

ElliotEvans: how tall?

PatchesUS: 6'2-6'3.

ElliotEvans: are you a fucking lumber jack or something?

Dream snorts.

PatchesUS: Yeah, sure, if that helps with your imagination.

PatchesUS: How tall are you?

ElliotEvans: 5'9...

'Cute,' Dream thought. He's always had a thing for shorter girls and guess it applies to guys as well.

PatchesUS: You don't look that short on camera.

ElliotEvans: i'm not short,, bully)):

PatchesUS: You're pretty short.

ElliotEvans: i'm not gonna sit here and take this !!):<

PatchesUS: What do you want me to do?

ElliotEvans: you can try dirty talking, i'm hard again

Shit. He's getting this and he's not even paying for it.

ElliotEvans: i really liked the dirty talking you did in chat earlier and the donation message really got me going, can you do that again?

PatchesUS: I can't. You got me all flustered.

ElliotEvans: how about you tell me something that sounds forceful and belittling

PatchesUS: Something that sounds forceful and belittling.

ElliotEvans: ugh rude. don't make me laugh when my dick is hard

Dream snickers.

PatchesUS: You said you'd show half of your face?

ElliotEvans: i would, yeah

PatchesUS: What can I do for you?

ElliotEvans: just keep on typing while I imagine a tall, blonde hair and green eyed lumberjack whispering in my ear

PatchesUS: Am i really making you hard?

ElliotEvans: wanna see?

Dream can hear his heart pounding in his chest.

PatchesUS: Yes.

A box appears on his screen, saying that Elliot Evans wants to start a private video call.

Dream's heart starts beating faster.

He clicks on accept, but immediately turns his own video off. The screen loads, and there he is, sitting cross-legged on his bed, it looks like his laptop is propped up on something, his shoulders and lips are in frame.



Dream thinks he has really nice lips. He wants to kiss them and make them red.

His skin is paler than usual because of the lighting. Dream wants to ruin his neck by leaving hickeys all over.

George smiles. He's really nervous and excited at the same time. "Hey," he says. "I wish you'd give me your name so I know what to call you."

Dream's fingers are shaking a lot to where he's having a hard time typing. Doesn't help that he's still drunk.

PatchesUS: You can call me whatever, I don't mind.

"You won't give me your name?" George exaggerates his pout. His lips look plump and soft.

PatchesUS: It's not that I don't want to. It's just for my job. Even my name can be too much.

"Guess I'll just take that then." George rests his chin on his hand, sighing. "I want to see you or maybe even just hear you. But you said that you weren't gonna reciprocate, I'll try not to be greedy."

PatchesUS: I would if I could.

"Not gonna lie, you got me all curious now.."

PatchesUS: I thought you were hard?

George huffs through his nose. "Are you trying to distract me or something?"

PatchesUS: You know it.

George shakes his head at their back and forth. It's nice. His hands make their way to his shorts, pulling it down to his legs slowly, then completely discards it, tossing it across his bed. He curls a hand around his cock, but Dream can only see the head. He doesn't care. He's seen his cock before already. It's his perfect lips he wants to keep on looking at.

PatchesUS: Your lips are very kissable.

A red flush starts to appear on George's cheeks. "Oh um, thank you.. I've been told that my lips looked too big before."

PatchesUS: Some people have terrible taste then.

“You mean most people.”

PatchesUS: Well, I’m not most people.

George bites his lip. “I-I’m.. close. I want to cum. You really don’t want to tell me your name? I want to moan it out so badly.”

Well, fuck.

George whimpers. “I swear I won’t tell anyone. I know we don’t know each other but I really do keep my promises.”

What harm can giving his first name away do? He always went by Dream online. He hasn’t told anyone his real name yet, not even his best friend. Elliot knows he’s from Florida. How many people are named Clay in Florida anyways?

Dream takes a deep breath.

PatchesUS: My name is Clay.

“Clay.” George says, his smile is crooked. He tries to hold back from laughing. Dream can see his hand stroking his cock with a faster pace. “I was gonna make a joke about getting hard like clay but I’ll spare you.”

PatchesUS: Thank God.

“Clay,” George says again. “Is your voice deep?”

PatchesUS: At certain times, yeah. My voice isn’t too high or too deep, just in the middle I guess.

“When you cum, are you quiet or loud?”

PatchesUS: Loud.

“That’s fucking hot.” Elliot sounds different now in a way Dream’s never heard before. He realizes that Eliot is genuinely turned on. “Bet I can make you even louder.”

PatchesUS: I know you could.

“Are you touching yourself?”

Now he is.

PatchesUS: Yes.

“Do you wanna to cum with me?”

Dream uses the lube in his nightstand drawer to help slick his cock. He has trouble typing with one hand.

PatchesUS: Of course.

George lets out a chuckle before he groans, soft and quiet, very unlike his camboy persona. “God. Clay. I’m so close.”

Dream finds himself groaning loud, spilling all over his hand. It was a decent orgasm, it took him awhile to get there because he already came a while ago. This has to be Elliot's 3rd or 4th at least. His bed is messy and his movements are noticeably getting slower, sloppy even.

"That was so good," George says while panting, he tries to get his breathing back to normal. His body feels hot and sweaty. "Did you cum?"

PatchesUS: I did, thank you.

Elliot laughs. His laugh sounds nice, and it sounds different from his usual. This one sounds shy and soft. "Now I wanna know what you look like. Wow. I'm embarrassing myself right now, oh my God."

PatchesUS: What? Why?

"It's just, I don't do this kind of stuff! I started my channel around when quarantine started, and I've never ever like," He waves his hand around, "I don't talk one on one to my viewers. I don't give private shows. What did you do to me?"

Dream doesn't respond at first. Then,

PatchesUS: I could say the same thing.

"Why me?" George leans towards his screen, turning his head to the side slightly. Lips still only in frame.

PatchesUS: Sorry, I got distracted by your lips again. I just want to kiss them.

George squeaks.

PatchesUS: I think you're cute.

"Ugh," George groans, but he's still smiling. "Tell me, why me?"

Dream sighs through his nose.

PatchesUS: It's an embarrassing answer.

"Awe why?"

PatchesUS: I'm kind of pathetic.

George scoffs. "The people that view my page and watch me are not pathetic. Don't be rude."

Dream hurriedly types out his reply, not wanting Elliot to think that he's mean.

PatchesUS: No, no, what I mean is that... I'm lonely.

PatchesUS: I've been lonely for quite some time now.

PatchesUS: I tend to have anxiety and I'm focused a lot on my job. I was bored and horny one night, so I went to look for... something.

PatchesUS: I wanted to feel something.

It's the most he's told anyone about himself, Dream thinks.

George's body tense up, he frowns as he reads the messages. "Do I help you? Do I make you feel good?"

PatchesUS: You do. But at times it's not enough. I can't have any more than this, and you're not obliged to give it.

George flushes. "I know I'm not obligated, but.. I would make an exception for you.."

PatchesUS: I just can't.

George looks down at his lap for a long moment. "Clay.. can we maybe talk voice to voice?" He's unsure and is regretting what he said. "I really want to talk to you."

PatchesUS: I want to. I really want to. Maybe someday.

"I'm starting to think about my conspiracy last week. High profile, straight, married and with kids. I can keep a secret you know." George chuckled.

PatchesUS: God no. I'm none of that.

George stretches his arms and yawns, getting a bit teary eyed. He looks at the time and it reads: 12:09 am. "It's pretty late over here. I'm pretty worn out so I'm going to sleep soon, are you gonna come and watch my stream tomorrow?"

PatchesUS: I'm tired too. And yeah, I should be there.

George's heart flutters a bit. "Alright, I'll be sure to put on a show then. Good night, Clay." He gives a short wave.

PatchesUS: Good night.

The call ends.

Dream shuts his laptop off and places it somewhere on his bed, too tired to place it properly back on his desk. He runs his hands through his hair and takes a deep breath.

'I'm gonna have a terrible hangover tomorrow.'

End Notes

i don't have a beta reader so i apologize for any grammar and spelling issues!
kudos, comments and criticisms are welcomed here !! <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!